Center for Traditional Medicine

Presents

Traditional Medicine

With

Leslie Korn, Ph.D., MPH, Doña Alisia Rodriguez Arraisa,
Dr. Rudolph Ryser and Karen Frangos, N.D., R.P.T.

Jan. 2-9, 1999 Location: Xipe Totec, Yelapa, Jalisco, Mexico

A project of the Center for Traditional Medicine and the Center For World Indigenous Studies, an independent non-profit 501 (c) 3 research and education organization

For the North American Indians, "medicine" is defined as an object or ceremony to balance natural and magical forces. This seminar provides a comprehensive overview of the healing arts and sciences of Fourth World Nations. Presentations integrate lectures, discussion, methods and fieldwork embracing the evolution of medical systems flowing from an intimate relationship between human beings and the earth. Participants explore systems of pre-Christian medicine in Europe, Ayurvedic medicine of southern Asia, medicines of Africa and of the western hemisphere, including the Yupik, Cowlitz, and Miskito.

Drawing from healing practices from the four corners of the world and from diverse academic/clinical disciplines such as Ethnomedicine and Ethnobotany, Medical Anthropology, Medical Humanities, Behavioral Medicine, Gender Studies, Public Health, Psychology, Fourth World Studies and the integrative approaches of Naturopathy, Subtle Energy Medicine and Somatic therapies, presenters and participants engage practical experiences in healing. Village herbalists and elders present their work on *curanderismo*, the syncretic system of Mexican traditional medicine that integrates indigenous medical and spiritual systems with Christian traditions. In preparation for the seminar participants are asked to begin research on their own culture's health and healing traditions. During the seminar we will explore and expand upon these traditions to illumine optimal approaches to personal and community health today.

We will also discuss the socio-political context of practice in the world today including the work of NGO's, the World Health Organization directives on traditional medicine and the CWIS Womens' Traditional Medicine Working Group, an international group of women chaired by Dr. Leslie Korn, working to preserve, promote and define policy about traditional medical practices. Each participant will have the opportunity to define their goals for study and practice. Objectives include understanding the appropriate practice and integration of Traditional Medicine and career and clinical practice opportunities

For information, registration & fees

Please call:360.754.1990 or 781.643.1918 (WEB: www.halcyon.com/FWDP/)
email < cwislka@wco.com > Use your Credit Card (VISA, MasterCharge, American Express)
Write: **CWIS: 1001 Cooper Pt. Rd. SW, Suite 140-214, Olympia WA 98502-1107**

85Center for World Indigenous Studies at Xipe Totec Learning Retreat - Yelapa

Seminar Schedule Title: Traditional Medicine 1

	Day 1	Dia 2	Day 3	Dia 4	Day 5	Dia 6	Day 7	Dia 8
8:30am - 9:30am		Ejercicio Terapia	Therapeutic Exercise	Ejercicio Terapia	Therapeutic Exercise	Ejercicio Terapia	Therapeutic Exercise	
9:30am - 10:20am	[redacted]	Desayuno	Breakfast	Desayuno	Breakfast	Desayuno	Breakfast	[redacted]
10:30am	[redacted]							[redacted]
11:00am	[redacted]							[redacted]
12:00pm	[redacted]							[redacted]
1:30pm	[redacted]							[redacted]
1:40pm 2:30pm	[redacted]	Comida	Lunch	Comida	Lunch	Comida	Lunch	[redacted]
2:30pm	[redacted]	Siesta	Rest Period	Siesta	Rest Period		Siesta	[redacted]
4:00 pm	Arrival	Siesta	Rest Period	Siesta	Rest Period		Siesta	[redacted]
4:45pm	Settling In							[redacted]
5:00pm	Orientation							[redacted]
6:30pm	Tumi Gallery							
7:30pm	Welcome Fiesta	Evening Meal Independent	Servicio de Mesa	Evening Meal Independent	Servicio de Mesa	Evening Meal Independent	Farewell Fiesta	
9:00pm								

274.1197 Schedule Template.doc Center for World Indigenous Studies (Casa Yopi: Galeria Tumi, Cocina, Servicio de Mesa, La Clinica e Habitacion)

Center for World Indigenous Studies

Seminar Description and Syllabus

Seminar Title: TRADITIONAL MEDICINE

Faculty: Leslie Korn, Ph.D., Karen Frangos, P.T., N.D., Doña Alisia Rodriguez Arraisa, Rudolph C. Ryser, Ph.D., Lizanne Pastore, P.T.

Program: Center for Traditional Medicine

Number: TMSem310

Dates: January 2 1999 - January 9, 1999

Year: 1999

Description of Course Content:

For the North American Indians, "medicine" is defined as an object or ceremony to balance natural and magical forces. This seminar provides a comprehensive overview of the healing arts and sciences of Fourth World Nations. Presentations integrate lectures, discussion, methods and fieldwork embracing the evolution of medical systems flowing from an intimate relationship between human beings and the earth. Participants explore systems of pre-Christian medicine in Europe, Ayurvedic medicine of southern Asia, and of the western hemisphere, including the Yupik, Cowlitz, and Miskito.

Drawing from healing practices from the four corners of the world and from diverse academic/clinical disciplines such as Ethnomedicine and Ethnobotany, Medical Anthropology, Medical Humanities, Behavioral Medicine, Gender Studies, Public Health, Psychology, Fourth World Studies and the integrative approaches of Naturopathy, Subtle Energy Medicine and Somatic therapies, presenters and participants engage practical experiences in healing. Village herbalists and elders present their work on curanderismo, the syncretic system of Mexican traditional medicine that integrates indigenous medical and spiritual systems with Christian traditions. We will apply manual healing techniques as well as naturopathic (naturista) approaches to attaining and maintaining health

In preparation for the seminar participants are asked to begin research on their own culture's health and healing traditions. During the seminar we will explore and expand upon these traditions to illumine optimal approaches to personal and community health today.

We will also discuss the socio-political context of practice in the world today including the work of NGO's, the World Health Organization directives on traditional medicine and the CWIS Womens' Traditional Medicine Working Group, an international group of women chaired by Dr. Leslie Korn, working to preserve, promote and define policy about traditional medical practices.

Summary of Educational Purpose :

The purpose of this seminar is to introduce professionals, students, educators, and practitioners to a broad survey of Traditional Medicine as it is practiced in many parts of the world by peoples in different nations and different state environments and to directly experience various traditional medicine approaches.

Learning Objectives:

After completing this course, Learners will be able to:

1. Explain and describe principles of several traditional healing systems from around the world.
2. Identify particular herbs common in the Mexico Pacific West and the characteristic uses of these herbs in healing.
3. Understand the basic prescriptive approaches for the use of specific herbs and herbal extracts in healing.
4. Practice manual healing techniques for achieving altered states of consciousness
5. Understand the relation between socio-political issues governing the practice and sale of traditional medicine
6. Understand the relationship between migrations, colonization cross fertilization and the evolution of human cultures and the practice of different healing traditions.
7. Practice simple naturopathic home health care methods

Learning Activities ----------

Lecture, Discussion

What is Traditional Medicine? (Definitions and Methods)

The Roots of Traditional Medicine: History, Culture and Development (Human Migrations, Food and Animal Domestication, Agriculture)

A World View of Traditional Medicine: Part I (Ayurvedic, Chinese, U.S. Eclectic, Curanderismo, Pre-Christian Europe)

A World View of Traditional Medicine: Part II (Cowlitz, Yupik, Miskito, Maya,)

The Future of Traditional Medicine (Developments in TradMed Systems, Social Issues, Political Issues, Career Potential)

Experiential, (movement, group process, meditation)

Practica: Applied Traditional medicine: Developing skills: Manual Therapies, Somatic Empathy,

Exercise, Yoga, somatic movement, water therapies

Naturopathic home health care: constitutional hydrotherapy, plasters

Assessment of pre and perinatal influences on health throughout the life cycle

Practical/Applied (e.g., research/case presentations, fieldwork)

Medicine in Village Life Observations

Herbal Medicine Field trip

Xipe Totec Garden

Boat trip: (weather permitting)

Food as Medicine: Xipe Totec kitchen and fieldwork

Criteria for evaluation for certificate and credit students: (Specify when due and % contribution to final qualification

Writing Projects

credit students: see faculty	50%

Other

Seminar Discussion	50%
Faculty Interview:	20%
Personal 15 minute Presentation to Seminar Participants	30%

Level of Instruction

[xxxx]General Education

[x] Masters

[x] Doctoral

[x] Professional

Prerequisites

Enrollment Limitations

[] None

[] Limited to Specialists

[xxxx] Priority to Specialists

Class Size

Minimum below which Course is Canceled: 5

Maximum: 20

Grading and Qualification Options

[] Letter of Evaluation only

[] Certificate

[x] Learner Option

Required Reading:

Andrews, Jean. The Peripatetic Chili: Diffusion of the Domesticated Capsicums since Columbus" in *Chilies to Chocolate* Ed. Nelson Foster and Linda Cordell 1996,. Univ. Arizona Press

Bromelain Monograph Web page

Crayhorn, R. "The Paleolithic Diet and its Modern Implications" Townsend Letter issue 184, Nov. 1998 pp 142-7

Dossey Larry. The Healing Power of Pets Alternative Therapies in Health and Medicine July 1977 Vol. 3 No. 4 pp. 8-16

Horowitz, Sala. "Chronic Pain Management" Alternative and Complementary Therapies, p 231-235

International Traditional Medicine Newsletter, Vol. 1 No. 1 University of Illinois/ Chicago

Kenner D. "Botanical Medicine and the Clinical Paradigm" Frontiers Perspectives Fall/Winter 1998 Vol 7 No. 1

Korn, L. "Remedies Beliefs and Oral History in Yelapa. Daykeeper Press, 1982

Korn, L. "Staying Healthy Naturally in the Third World", EastWest Journal May, 1987

Korn, L. "Polarity therapy: To Touch the Heart of the Matter" Somatics Summer, 1987 pp. 3—33

Korn, L. "Community Trauma and Development" presented at University College, Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 1997

Korn, L. "Cultural Connections", Spirit of Change, Sept./Oct. 1998

Korn, Leslie "Traditional Medicine Today" : (in press), 1998. Our Bodies Our Selves, Ed. Boston Women's Health Book Collective, Somerville, MA

Lawlor Eric "An Incredible Elixir, Savuer October 1998 pp 112-18

Ryser Rudolph. " New Treaties Need to Protect Native Peoples' Biological and Cultural Diversity" presented at National Congress of American Indian Meeting, Santa Fe Oct. 1997

Ryser, R.C. "Observations On Self and Knowing" pp. 17-29 in *Tribal Epistemologies*, Ed. Helmut Wautischer, Ashgate, Brookfield USA

Ullman Dana. "Treatment of Diarrhea with Homeopathic Medicine. 1995 Web page document

Winkelman, M. "Physiological and therapeutic aspects of Shamanism" Subtle Energies, Vol 1 No. 2., p. 1-18

World Health Organization Policy on Traditional Medicine (Web Page Document)

Zuniga Marielena, "First People" The Soroptomist July/Aug 1998

Seminar Course Schedule and Reading List

Day	Topics	Topics / Assignments Assigments	Remarks	Remarks
1	Orientation and Dinner: Introductions: Professional goals for the week: Experiences with traditional medicine; family legacy and belief systems			
2	What is Traditional Medicine? The Roots of Traditional Medicine: History, Culture and Development (Human Migrations, Food and Animal Domestication, Agriculture Practicum:			

Day	Topics	Topics / Assignments Assigments	Remarks	Remarks
3	**A World View of Traditional Medicine: Part I** Practicum			
4	**A World View of Traditional Medicine: Part II** Practicum			
5	**Applied Traditional Medicine**			
6	**The Future of Traditional Medicine** (Developments in TradMed Systems: Womens Traditional Medicine project; Social Issues, Political Issues, Career Potential **Practicum:**			

	Topics / Assignments			
Day	Topics	Assigments	Remarks	Remarks
7	All -day Horseback/ Herbal Trip or Boat journey (weather pending)			

Remedies, Beliefs and Oral History in Yelapa

By Leslie Korn

The winds come down the river through the huge crevice cut by an ancient volcano and meet the northern winds traveling from the horizon. The name of my village, Yelapa, means both "reunion" and "the place where two points meet." My house sits on a cliff fifty feet up from the tide line on the Bahia de Banderas, the Bay of Flags, off the west coast of Mexico. At a certain place in this one room house, back toward the foundation wall, if I sit low in a chair and look out through the open air spaces, no land can be seen and I am at sea on my own, private ship. The surf is crashing below, shaking the earth beneath the house, warm winds are creaking through the malleable roof and a moist spray makes everything gummy.

Figure 1: Author's Palapa in 1973 above Bahia de Banderas, Yelapa

The house slopes back toward the mountain that holds it up, much like the palms which have acquiesced to the power of the winds. The floor slants forward in the direction of the sea, raised and cracked over the years by the roots of the huge Salate, the fig tree which governs the acreage. Every year the roots uplift the floor a little more and divide the house in a diagonal, downward flow. All of these geometric oddities lend a swaying, breathing effect, that betrays no formality or stagnation but rather the voice of the jungle that says: "Join us, we'll take you with us."

The path, a cow and donkey version of Main Street is carved along the steep, difficult coast. One direction leads up river, to the winds, and the other direction to the center of this small Indian fishing village. There's a school which goes up to the sixth grade, a church, recently transformed by a novice priest, clamoring for funds and bricks, and several small grocery stores, *tiendas*, which are adjacent to peoples' homes. Every store has something different to offer. One place carries wick, another *tienda* has *petroleo* and another the base of the lantern. Most stores carry the staples of beans, corn, tomatoes, onions and potatoes. For days and days it's raw tomatoes and boiled potatoes or baked potatoes and broiled tomatoes. The variations become even more subtle.

My neighbor Alicia lives on the path toward the village. Alicia and I have become best of friends over the years. We are the same age and love to exchange *chisme* about all the village happenings. She tells me about the Mexicans and I tell her of the foreigners, and sometimes one of us knows something the other has not yet heard. There are no telephones here, but the human and animal voices tell it all much more quickly, if not correctly. I think about Alicia a lot. She is the youngest in a family of twelve and lost her mother at an early age to tetanus. The horror of that time shows in the tightening around her eyes when she tells the story. She was married at sixteen and had three children, Veronica, Aaron and Sergio in yearly succession, though unlike many of her *comadres*, she stopped there. She completed the second grade and though she can read and write, she is very shy about it and is intent on having the children do well in school.

We have both worked hard to try to understand each other and mostly think each other's ways are so incomprehensible, we let them be. It is hard for her to understand my feminist choice to live without men or children and it is hard for me to watch her bear the burden of machismo in her home and culture—to work, wash, cook, to have no money, no say and no channels of defiance open to her. In the past year we have watched together as two *comadres* have rebelled against their choiceless roles. One became catatonic, the other raged against all things in her house and they were both taken away to the city for shock treatments. What has sustained our friendship through these rough times, when acculturation has lowered its oppressive horns, has been our mutual willingness to affirm our love in the face of our differences.

We also have the most fun exchanging our curative ways as we are both inept in each others' province. I have been researching indigenous healing remedies for several years and Alicia is the best person to talk to, not because she has more knowledge than others in this area, but because my interest sends her into a hilarious uproar. Since I do not understand every word she is saying, she then proceeds to demonstrate and there is this mixture of belief and disbelief on both our parts and she can't understand why I would be interested in a cure that may or may not work. She is not interested in high fashion or tall buildings but she does like penicillin and polyester. Why am I interested in incorporating her ways, when she wants to incorporate mine?

~

It was a special gathering of the men to decide the fate of the village. The government proposed to "develop" this Mexican-Indian fishing village over a period of years by putting in agua potable, electricity and perhaps a high rise hotel, though no one could imagine where it would sit, only that it would sink into the sandy soil. In exchange for the development, Yelapa would be added to the list of tourist sites for the burgeoning trade, packaged tours to the jungle to see how the natives live.

After hearing arguments, the men voted to accept the government proposal to spend millions of pesos and bring radical change. But not before Rosolio was heard. He stood up to begin his story. He said he had been ten years old when his family helped found the village in 1910 and now he was the oldest villager present. He spoke of greed, saying: "Those of you who vote for these changes are not from here. You have moved here in the last five years to take the wealth that Yelapa has in her bay and the mountains. Already you have cut too many palms and the turtles are gone and you want more money and bigger motors for your boats." Rosolio's speech was impassioned, and his words were softer and rounder as words will be when spoken by men with no teeth. Though he was listened to with respect accorded the elders, the vote came and he was voting alone.

Figure 2: Sea Turtle in Yelapa

Though I had lived in the village for several years and had come to know most of the people there, I had never met Rosolio Lorenzo Garcia. My friend Martina was married to his son Felix who had lost an eye when a piece of wood he was *macheteing* splintered. Two or three times a year Martina would bring brooms that Rosolio makes over to my house. But perhaps because as an elderly man, he does not approach foreigners easily or because when he walks past my house to the beach, he keeps his shoulders erect, and eyes straight ahead, the most we had ever exchanged was *buenas dias* or *muy buenas tardes.*

Figure 3: Rosolio at 82 years, "Those of you who vote for these changes are not from here.

A few days after the village meeting, I approached Rosolio and said I wanted to talk with him about his life and hear the story of the village. He invited me to his house the next day and when I arrived he was just returning from work for his afternoon *siesta*. Seven days a week he rows huge two-man canoes which carry people and cargo from the boats to the beach. It is rigorous work that requires precision timing as there are often thirty people or hundreds of kilos of cargo easing through rough ocean swells. When I arrived, Rosolio was in a twine hammock that he made and Andrea was making tortillas for their lunch.

Rosolio: In that village out there that you see there were but sixty-five inhabitants altogether. It was in 1910 that we peopled that place. No one but absolutely no one else was here. I was then ten.

Korn: And how old are you now?

Rosolio: 80 or 82. It's been 72 years since that happened. Our living was made from fishing and a little bit of (coconut) oil. That was the source of income for our parents and as their children we continued to work on the same thing. Everything was so cheap. Oil was five centavos a kilo and men were paid twenty-five centavos for a days wage. *Maiz* was a peso for sixty kilos. It was unbelievable. We went to San Blas in sailboats when the wind was favorable, if not, just sheer oars. Life was indeed tough at that time and this was our way of life until the agrarian world came in. When that happened a wealthy landholder snatched a rich piece of land from

us. There was a war from 1914 to 1918 and after the war there was peace for ten years. But it was difficult because people would not buy our products and livelihood was even tougher. In 1928 the government took the land away from the landholders and gave it back to the *campesinos*, and all of that was my lot.

There were ten family heads who lived here and of those ten only three knew how to read. I lost my father and became an orphan at the age of fourteen and I lost my mother when I was seventeen. I had no more schooling than two years when I was ten years old. From eight to ten I had a cousin who used to go to Puerto Vallarta and he helped me a little bit more. He used to like to buy books and stories. He used to like to buy these books in order to find out more about the forebears and about history. We used to work together and he would help me. Often times I talk to the kids about these times. They didn't suffer because by the time they were born they would pay over one peso for a person's wages. We had only a meager twenty-five centavos per day and with that amount we had to clothe and feed ourselves. If there were three of us that made seventy-five centavos, it was something so sad. But at that time, we didn't have temptations like there are today. There were no drinks, no alcoholic beverages at the time.

Korn: When you traveled to Puerto Vallarta, how did you go there?

Andrea: In a canoe with oars. We would go in the morning and return in the evening for the night. When the wind was favorable we would set out around 8 o'clock and arrive by one in the afternoon. We would do a little shopping and then toward the evening the wind would again be favorable and we would return. If we didn't have favorable wind we would simply row. There was no other way to bring food and provisions. We had to be tough.

Rosolio: When I was twenty-one I went to live in San Blas. I worked on the sea and life became easier because there was a market where one could sell what one produced and people bought from those whom offered better prices. In San Blas there was a small factory that made soap from

the coconut oil. This has been my life, a tough life and I remember all of it because I was part of it. We lived from fishing and *cocito*.

Korn: Where were you born?

Rosolio: I was born in Chacala, but by the time I opened my eyes, that is when I got to the age of reason I was here. My parents came from Chacala. My mother from Mariwampo. Gradually the town had emptied itself and they moved to Chacala and then here to Yelapa.

Korn: When did you marry?

Rosolio: In 1932....

Andrea: 1933!!!

Rosolio: 1933!

Korn: Andrea, do you have *La Grippe*?

Andrea: Yes, I just got sick yesterday.

Rosolio: The *grippe* doesn't hit her very hard, colds don't come to her very easily.

Korn: How old are you Andrea?

Andrea: Really, I don't know my age, the files were burned.

Rosolio: It was the revolutionaries who did that.

Andrea: They burned my Jefes house. I was very young. In 1918, the last year that we had a revolution here. It was dying down but there were many revolutionaries who occupied their time doing all kinds of wrong things like stealing. They came down from Chimo on horseback or mules. A government squad got a hold of them and took them to Puerto Vallarta and there they executed them. When my father died we came to Yelapa. When I got married they wrote twenty years on my certificate.

Korn: What was the wedding ceremony like? What was the tradition of the time?

Andrea: Our parents did not have many possessions, also there were no priests for this kind of service because it was around the time of the revolution and they were the ones that were the most sought after by the government. We had a civil marriage because these fathers were being persecuted. They wanted to eradicate Christianity or I should say the Catholic religion but it is written in the bible that it will be persecuted but never conquered.

Korn: Well, did the priests come later on?

Rosolio: Yes, it's not like before. Now according to the bishop it's up to us if we want to mind our religion, if we want to observe the duties of our religion, if we fulfill these duties then he will send if not one then another. The women are much more religious than the men. They are the most religious of all, then as the men, we follow them. It must be that way because in our religion from the moment they baptised us we contracted some obligations.

~

Santiago: We are the water, we are the wind which is the same thing, because the water goes up to the wind, to me those clouds that rise are ourselves, rising up to a purification from where it is sent in the form of rain, to water the plants and we too are the plants turned into persons because without these plants nobody could live. Our own body is like that, only the spirit is something that never dies because when we breathe our last, the body is the only thing that the earth has a claim on and it says, this is mine, but not so of the spirit.

Figure 4: Santiago in annual reenactment

Our soul goes up. There are stars that attract it. When we die, the closest image I can think of is lightning to explain the force of which we are pulled upwards by other stars that have control over us. I know this from my own experience. I was once in the hospital and I was given a drug and I started to feel the effect of the drug and I was pulled upwards and I actually left my body and I went up as if pulled by a terrible noise like the noise of airplanes when they take off. It was like a dream but this experience was very much reality. I believe there are people in other stars because I saw people in other stars in this experience of mine. When I returned, I saw myself enclosed in a room. I was there standing having forgotten everything and I knew nothing about anything. I knew I was myself. I had that awareness but I had no ideas as to what I had done or any purpose for anything at all. I could not remember anything and I started to tell myself, "where are you going Santiago, what did you do, what are you doing here." Then suddenly, my memory came to me and I started to remember and as I remembered the wall that was enclosing me all around started to recede, When I started to remember why I was there a door opened up and as soon as it opened I left the room but I had walked no more than ten meters out of that room that I started to look for my body and I didn't have it, then I told myself, "Santiago now you are dead."

Then I came to the house where I had fallen down and there on top of a rock I saw my blood but over and above that there was a wheel like a clouded wheel that spoke to me and said: "Santiago, that is still your light." Then I went to my house and saw my family. I tried to speak to them but all I could do was see them. I couldn't even hear them.

So I had my sight but I didn't have my hearing. Suddenly I felt that something in my body pressed on me so strongly that I told myself wow, this may well be the drawer (coffin) where they put the dead people so as you see my mind was still working but I was already on the other side. I then felt that they put me over a cart and the road was very ugly; it had many rocks and holes. As the cart moved on, it swayed and I told myself this cart is going to break

down. Then I heard a person speak into my ears saying: "get up Santiago, there's a lot of work to do here" and then I heard one of the doctors say: "we won, we won. We will wake him up."

Santiago: All I can do is speak a little bit of what I know, of nature. If we speak of the language of animals they too can speak like we can. We have a dialect a form of speech and they have theirs. And just like we can learn our dialect if we set ourselves to the task, we can also learn their dialect, their means of communication. There is an animal that always announces itself to me when the waters (rains) are going to come. That animal is the frog. There are many kinds of frogs all the way from the biggest to the smallest. When the waters are going to come the little ones utter a sound that is like ssst! That's her sound. When the rain arrives there is another kind of frog called *Gasparoca*. It is a frog which is striped like gold nails on the body. These frogs live in openings of wood, in sticks, and they utter these sounds when the rain comes. Their sound is a little different.

My grandfather would tell me that there is this big plant that grows near where these frogs make their habitat and when there is a drought you cut up a piece of this plant from near where the frog sits. There you beg for rain and invariably the rain does come. This is a sacrifice. The sacrifice is to be done only when there is a real need—then the rain comes.

Figure 5: Santiago: "Nature does not reverse its pace so easily."

There are other animals that also announce the coming of the waters. For example, the hen. At the tip of her tail, there is a feather that tends to be oily, greasy and when the rains are going to come, a number

of such chickens get together and start to pick at that particular feather. As they pick on that feather they pull at the feathers that seem to have this oily substance. This is a sign that the rains are coming. There is another animal that comes to forecast sometimes good news, sometimes bad news, its name is Tecoloté. When there is a problem that is approaching, this animal comes during the day: This is a warning of a bad sign. When the Tecoloté comes after 1:00 A.M. then it is of a good sign. When I make it known to the animal that I understand the message, then the animal just goes away. There is another bird that also communicates with me: The hummingbird. This bird announces itself whenever I am going to have visitors. By coming near the house and some how making it known through its chirping that the visitors are coming.

In their chirping they say, "They're coming! They're coming!" They also say; "Christ the king! Christ the king!" They also announce when the waters are going to come. They make a specific sound, *drring! drring! drring!.*

… going back to the phenomenon that you indicated; all of that was just a sign that a lot of water was coming towards us. The huge number of ants signals huge amounts of rain are coming our way. Possibly as big as to knock down all the mountains. (we all laugh!)

No! it is very likely that on top of the mountain where there are not very many trees the water will rush down, Sometimes when there are serious droughts and the trees upon the mountains do not have enough humidity they can't withstand the heat, so they dry up and shrivel. When the rains come the trees don't have the strength to withstand the weight of the earth, so they give and it produces landslides. Last year we had one, you can look around and see the mountains with all the be wounds. The earth will be very wounded this year.

Korn: Yes, that happened over by Jaime's house.

Santiago: Yes and it's happening because people very easily cut trees down. If we cut a tree in a humid period then with the rains the sprouts come up, but when it's done in the dry season, there is nothing left to replace it. So all protection is taken away from the earth.

Korn: Are the patterns of the rains changing?

Santiago: This year we will have greater and greater amounts of rain and no problem with the trees. Ordinarily trees blossom but one time a year. This time they blossomed two times. Never in my life did I see this before. That's a sign that there is a shift in the presence of the water. Perhaps it means that the ordinary dry season this year will be a wet season. But the change only occurs gradually. Nature does not reverse its pace so suddenly, never. I sometimes think also of the destruction, the destruction of all the species; we are destroying species, for example, sea species. We're finishing them! Last year I went to Puntade Mita, where there used to be lots of oysters. I had gone there for the past seven years and had eaten a lot of oysters. But when I went back this time I couldn't even find a teeny tiny one. Those of us who do business and make our money through these animals we do not even become aware of what we are doing or how we are destroying them. At present the government itself is not aware of these things and its actually collaborating on the destruction by setting up all along the shore everything that can destroy them. Already in the last two years we've been having difficulty in catching fish. Fishing boats go out at night and in the morning and they have put out *chinchuras* and fish are scared of them so they go off some place else. All the shores are presently filled with these *chinchuras* so we have possibly scared the fish away for good and when we are done with destroying all these species we're going to need them and I don't know what we will do then. Perhaps the way to stop this would be to limit the eating of these things to maybe, once a month or once a year. That might be one way for species to overcome their condition. As far as land itself we're also going to finish with steer and with other animals that are very good to our organism. They give us rich vitamins to nourish certain parts of our

body. With them too we will finish and when we are done with that, then we will finish with one another, ourselves, perhaps eating each other up.

~

As I lifted the mosquito netting one morning, I noticed a red, round blotch on my wrist. I touched it and wondered what it was, thinking that my studies of Mexican folk remedies now included my experience of the maladies as well. The sun was hot overhead when the blotchy area widened and swelled and the burning began. I decided to seek out my neighbor Alicia, as I knew she would provide me with just the right dose of truth and superstition. Near the creek I saw her tall woodsman brother Javier. He was the first of many that day to look in horror and say: "Arlomo!" He told me there are three kinds of Arlomo and *quien sabe*?, who knows? what kind this was. "Go ask *mi esposa* and hurry! The Arlomo is a firefly that lays eggs in the wound which hatch into worms that eat canals through skin and bones!" I left him with a look of horror equal to his. Continuing on I saw Pepe, the seventy-three year old grandson of a late dictator president of Mexico. Schooled in Europe and Mexico, Pepe always has a limitless source of information, clouded somewhat by the condescension which accompanies aristocrats among "the natives". I showed him the festering blotch and asked if it was Arlomo. "Oh no he said, that's just a fungus, the Arlomo is a superstition among the people here." The prospect of crawling worms didn't excite me and yet somehow I knew it was no fungus infection, and I continued on the path toward the village. Gorgonia was returning from her siesta and I stopped to talk with her. Upon seeing my wrist she invited me back to her home and garden where she picked off a branch from a bush she called Arlomo. She instructed me to roast the leaves and mix them with a salve and to apply them topically as hot as I could allow. With the other hand she gave me a packet of powdered penicillin, saying: "*Quien sabe*, what kind of Arlomo this is, *solamente Maria, arriba en la montana*." After I followed Gorgonia's instructions I set out to find Maria. Her house was surrounded by pink orange and red bouganvillia, the bracts of which are used as a tea for lung congestion. Off to the side of the house grew a vine with velvet golden flowers called *copa de oro*, cup of gold, which when steeped as a tea are used as a sedative. I was ready for a cup of that. The children told Maria I was there and I waited. And waited, fifteen, thirty, fifty minutes went by and American impatience turned to *gringo* paranoia. What was I doing here? Finally Maria arrived, fresh from a bath and

upon looking at my wrist began telling me about all her miraculous cures and, of the ones who didn't arrive in time. Again, she left for close to an hour and when she returned she held a fine green powder, roasted and pulverized from five plants. She mixed it with lard, applied it and told me to reapply it the next day. She would accept nothing for her services and I promised to send flowers from my garden. The next day the blister broke and the swelling went down and I considered myself cured. A few weeks after, I spoke with an American nurse who was stung by the Arlomo as she was returning to the states one time. She had a biopsy done in the lab and the technician said she had never seen anything like it before, it must be Arlomo.

The summer moved on into August, when all the days are thick with moisture, steaming at a hundred and five in the sun. Gorgonia appeared one Sunday to invite me on a walk with her and her mother Flavia. They would be going swimming out to *la punta*, the point of land that juts out into the sea, before it curves inward toward treacherous jungle, and picking herbs and pointing out remedies along the way, if I wanted to join them. Before we left her house, Flavia pointed to a common plant called Sin Virguenza, Without Shame, and said that when mashed together with vinegar it relieves the swelling and pain of varicose veins, a grave problem for the women of the village. In the states the same plant is called Wandering Jew. Flavia picked and pulled at branches and leaves. One plant llanten (Plantain) is applied to a scorpion sting and she mentioned as well the practice of catching the scorpion and laying it over the area, once it is dead. Flavia pointed to the delicate white flowers called Arnica that when macerated in alcohol and applied, alleviate the pain and swelling of bruises and sprains. One remedy she didn't touch, but pointed to saying: "Take two handfuls and rub it in your scalp daily, it will make your hair thick and cure those without any." She was pointing to cow dung. The fact that it is an acknowledged remedy in this area didn't keep us from bursting into laughter at the thought of it.

We arrived at our swimming spot and Flavia climbed a small hill to shake a Papaya out of a tree. The ripened fruit has a rich melon flavor and can grow to be a foot long and several inches around, weighing three or more kilos. The ripened fruit is used in illness when nothing else can be eaten because of the ease with which it is digested but the unripe fruit holds the strongest medicine. Contained in the milky substance between the skin and the fruit is an enzyme called *papain*. It is a digestive enzyme which in many countries is now found in pills for indigestion and meat tenderizers. In Mexico, a slice of the skin is applied to meat to soften it, or to an infection to draw out the pus and to bee stings to soothe the pain. The seeds are dried and used as tea

to expel parasites and worms. As we sat there, clouds began to form overhead and the Guacos flew by with their songs. Flavia suggested we start back, warning that I better get ready to pay off all my debts, because it looked as though it might begin to rain, while the sun was still shining, but that's another story.

Place mashed papaya over a staph infection.

Eat the seeds to dispel worms.

Pineapple juice will cure a sore throat.

The rind will aid in digestion.

To stop a nosebleed, place a peso in the middle of the forehead and tie it with a handkerchief. Obtain hueriso del mar, (sea urchin) and grind the shell into a powder and mix it with pulverized mica, add some pig fat and place it in the forehead.

The juice from the banana trunk will cure T.B.

Feliz: At this point ... I'm winding up.

Leslie: You are very strong. I want to write a book, and have your story and your picture. There are many beliefs, creencias, in the village, can you tell me some?

Feliz: I don't know anymore...

Leslie: Are there many changes taking place in Yelapa?

Feliz: Many. Before it was like a fraternity, now so many people have come. The big river is now like a puddle... when a pig was slaughtered people didn't sell its meat: "Here's for you, here's for you." It was portioned out among the neighbors, And now it's sold.

Figure 6: Feliz of Yelapa "...sweating, am I not?"

Leslie: How old are you?

Feliz: Eighty-nine...! My brother died at ninety-six... here come the tortillas. (granddaughter enters with tortillas) I'm sweating, am I not?